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"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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ERNESTINA;

OR,

THE FAIR GERMAN.

Continued.

I blush at your expressions, and not at my faults, (replied Ernestina.) Having been left to fulfil all those obligations which I have been taught as my duty, I have nothing reproach myself with. Yet you accuse me of departing from my duty, and of having lost every idea of the obligations it imposes. Pray, what informed you that I have done this? what ground do you conclude it?"

Well! I never could have suspected you of an astonishing assurance, (said Henrietta.) Let us put an end to this conversation; and do not compel me to explain myself in regard to these sentiments it must necessarily inspire. Ernestina, you must have made a very willful sacrifice to wealth, if you have not so much energy left as to blush at the despicable situation you have preferred."

My God! (cried Ernestina, bursting in a passion) is this a friend, is this Henrietta that is true with such cruelty? A despicable situation! that I have preferred? I renounce decency, make a sacrifice to wealth! How? Where? On what account is it, Miss, that you blame thus, and venture to impute to me such enormities?"

Henrietta, moved at the tears of a young person who was so long dear to her, could not forbear sympathizing with her grief. The goodness of her natural disposition induced her to excuse for Ernestina and to show on her face all the blame, of seducing a young girl, as innocent as she, so easily to be deceived. Moved a moment, and then taking her by the hand, "Come, (said she,) now be truly; answer me without hesitation to all I shall ask you. Why did you not answer my letters when I wrote to you from B. Italy? Why did you neglect to apply to me for advice, my brother's illness? I offered you a most agreeable asylum after his death, did you regret to accept of it? In short, as I wrote to, as if by your own desire, to give myself any further trouble you?"

Replying to these questions, Ernestina gave Henrietta to understand, that she herself felt she had a right to complain of neglect. Latter, indeed, saw plainly that a snare had been laid for her friend; and doubted not but that Marquis and Mrs. Dumenil had concerted a plan to keep from Ernestina those letters which would have informed her of the danger of her situation. This discovery greatly affected her. She sighed, and proceeded, "I see we both been deceived. Two perfidious wretches rendered my cautions useless; they have taken the advantage of circumstances, of being at a distance, and of your credulity. What is the consequence of this discovery? Think your situation happy! What likelihood is there of reclaiming you to your former

way of thinking? After having tasted the sweets of opulence, is it easy to deprive one's self of them? Could you renounce the Marquis, and his interested tenderness? could you, good, despicable, and hate that vile man?" Renounce, or could, despise the Marquis! (said Ernestina,) never. Wherefore should I? What has he done? How hath he deserved the odious appellation you have given him; and if deserved, are you not to inspire one with horror?"

"You perplex me astonishingly, (replied Henrietta.) Why should my discourse occasion you to be so much surprised? Do you not receive the visits of that man? Does not he spend part of the day in your apartment? Is any one else admitted at those times? Are you determined to pursue this dishonourable commerce with him? If you love the Marquis, if the very idea of parting from him is so shocking to you, for what purpose do you come to me? Let me into the motive of this strange conduct. Can you either excuse yourself, or hope to make me approve it? What is it you require of me?"

"A dishonourable commerce! repeated Ernestina, "Since when hath the commerce of pure and disinterested friendship been deemed dishonourable? No body else is admitted into my apartment! By whom else am I visited? The Marquis is my only acquaintance, and friend. Having been educated at a distance from the world, and accustomed to employment, I never knew the want of company to dissipate my thoughts, nor derived it with a view of forming connections. Mrs. Dumenil also, though formerly so gay a woman, was no sooner put into the possession of her fortune, than she thought no longer of dissipation." "Put it to the possession of her fortune!" cried Henrietta, interrupting her. "She! What fortune is this you are talking of?"

Ernestina then related the story which Mrs. Dumenil had told her in the country, but without taking notice of the surprise it caused in Henrietta. "You reproach me (continued she) with my affection for the Marquis; but if you knew him, I am certain you would approve it. Yes, the thought of never seeing him again, is indeed, shocking to me; it wounds my heart. So pleasing an intimacy is established between us, that it constitutes my happiness, and I doubt not his."

The presence of this amiable person gives me an inexpressible pleasure. When he is near me, I am happy; and I can read in his eyes that he is so too; in the mean time, I take delight in thinking, that whatever gives me pleasure, gives him the same."

Henrietta now clasped her hands together and lifted up her eyes to Heaven. "Good God, (said she,) am I certain of what I hear? What hopes arise in my heart? This ingenuous confession—Oh, my dear Ernestina, and art thou still innocent?" In the liveliest transports of joy, she then pressed her chattering friend to her bosom. "Yes, (said she,) my Ernestina must be so; she would never so frankly confess a culpable attachment. She is deceived, but not seduced. It is not yet too late to save her from

the danger to which her credulity has exposed her."

Some other questions, with the clear and positive answers given to her, led them at length to the explanation they both so much desired. The Marquis's conduct was astonishing to Henrietta; it appeared very singular; but she knew too much of the world to judge of it very favourably. She herself entered into all the particulars, previously necessary to her design. She expatiated on the libertine and increasing manner of thinking in the man; and on the palpable contradiction subsisting between the manners and his principles.

"Ah (cried Ernestina,) compare not the Marquis to such men as these. Do not suppose him capable of such cruel intentions. Never could he form the horrible design of seducing me, or of rendering me despicable or unhappy. Oh! no, his affection is pure as mine. Oh, if you did but see him, and hear him talk." "Well, (said Henrietta, interrupting her) I will see, and speak to him. Write to him, and desire him to come hither immediately; and in a moment's conversation with him, I shall discover his sentiments. I hope he will not disapprove my advice; but if he should, you will then be your own mistress to follow his."

Ernestina took up the pen, and with a trembling hand wrote as follows:

"I have just now been informed, that I owe neither gratitude nor respect to Mrs. Dumenil: look for me no more, therefore, at the house of that woman, which I shall never enter again. Can it be that you, for whom I have entertained a twelvemonth past the sincerest friendship, and the most cordial affection, can be, after all, base and deceitful? If you are not, and can justify yourself in the opinion of a worthy woman, come to Miss Dumenil. It is with her that I expect you with fear and imbecility. I wish, I hope, I believe you to be deserving of the sentiments I have for you. Come, and declare to my friend, my only friend, whether or not you have deceived me."

The Marquis had just arrived from Versailles, and was thinking of paying a visit to Ernestina, when Henrietta's servant brought him the letter. He opened it without hesitation, and presently appeared before Henrietta, with all that noble confidence, which arises from a consciousness of having nothing to infringe the laws of virtue and honour. He was surprised, on entering the room, to find her alone; but, it seems, Ernestina had retired into a closet, where she might hear all that passed. It was the first time she ever avoided the presence of the Marquis, or felt an emotion at his approach that was not mixed with pleasure.

Henrietta no sooner cast her eyes on the Marquis, than she became at once more indulgent to the weakness of her friend. "You will forgive me, Sir, (said she), for entering, without leave, into your secrets, and for presuming to call you to account for a behaviour, the apparent irregularity of which is doubtless authorized by the secret motives of your conduct. Have you any objection, Sir, to acquaint me with your real designs on Ernestina?"

"Really, Madam, (replied the Marquis, very

asked.) I have no designs at all upon her; and you cannot conceive how much you embarrass me by a question, which I have asked myself a thousand times, without being able to resolve it. I wish the ease, the happiness of her situation, and have taken some measures to procure it. My heart is ready to avow these desires; nothing more. And now, Madam, may I presume to ask you, in my turn, what appears so singular in my behaviour, and what you think exceptable in my conduct?"

"I am sorry," very sorry, Sir, (exclaimed Henriette,) that you should conceive you self a cure from reproach, in exposing the reputation of a young person whose real secret and character is her only support. What right, Sir, had you to separate her from me, to deprive her of my advice, and to engage her to quit a peaceful and simple way of life, to give her a taste for the pleasures of a transitory splendour, and to induce her, perhaps, to secure her continuation by a sacrifice of her virtue? How, Sir, do you reach yourself with nothing, when you have been pleased to inspire her with a passion, that lays her under the cruel necessity of being either criminal or unhappy?"

"This last remark, Madam, indeed, affects me," (said the Marquis.) "I own I deserve it, and often have made it to myself. I ought not in our present situation, to have excited or cherished a passion, which can be no gratification without one of us making too great a sacrifice. But have I endeavoured to seduce her? Have I deceived her by magnificent promises? Have I given her false hopes, or abused her credulity? Have I inflamed her heart with passionate professions? Nay, have I ever presumed to supply to a young person her wants? Content with the assurance of loving her, and charmed with the sight of pleasing, I enjoy a happiness, perhaps unknown to the generosity of mankind; a mistaken pretence of it; but you, Madam, by this full explanation, have taken it from us both."

To be continued.

VARIETY.

The power of Poetry, to mitigate the stings of Affliction, is very prettily expressed in the ensuing couplets:

The tranquil read breast, both at night and morn,
Sings on the brambles' bough, nor heeds the thorn;
So I, content amid the brakes of strife,
Lose, in the sweets of song, the thorn of life.

An eccentric Poet thus burlesques the hackneyed invocation of the Muses—

"Aid me, ye Muses, in this trying hour,
Ye Muses nine, with all your ninefold power;
Were nine times nine your number, I could still
Find for each maid, a subject and a quill."

I have often remarked, says a facetious novelist, that giddy thoughtless people, though they are forever in the fire, are never burnt; while you prudent well-meaning folks, are constantly getting into some cursed scrape or other.

A clergyman meeting a particular friend, asked him why he never came to hear him preach. He answered, "I am afraid of disturbing your solitude."

TO MEMORY.

How sweet the hours of transient joy,
Midst friends beloved, companions dear!
While pleasure beams from every eye,
And smiles on every lip appear?

But ah! how and the parting hour
Zephyr-like darts her wing, once again;
Thou' Memory yet with magic power,
May bid their halcyon smiles remain!

While Sorrow o'er the parting cheek,
Inducts the frequent tear to flow;
The lenient balm we fondly seek
And tender Memory sends the woe!

For ever shall those strains be flown!
Shall Beauty cease to charm the sight?
Ah! Memory! no thy spell alone
Can bid the vision still delight!

Then, cease to mourn, tho' far away
To distant realms those Friends depart;
Whose converse charmed the lingering day,
Whose smile revived the dawning heart!

In vain in vain my Poet's show
The wat'ry world our Friends between—
While Memory's in the breast no glow,
For ever such those Friends are seen!

The lip of Beauty still shall charm,
The smile still beam from Friendship's eyes;
Since Memory can the Fates disarm,
And gives back each form we prize!

[In the ensuing ode, the description of the bower is a natural and animated, that we could help feeling a degree of coolness and refreshment while we read it. Longfellow has quoted from the first book of the Anthology, the following epigram as somewhat resembling this ode.

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my silver retreat;
And see how the brazen indices
The breathing of Zephyr move it.

See the fountain, that flowing d'floss
Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink as the traveler's maid,
I sought him to sleep with my lay.]

ODE 19

Here recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embowering shade;
Sweet the young the modest trees
Hushed by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little fountains we see,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep;
Hark, they whisper as they roll,
Calm precursors to the soul!
To I, me, tell me is not this
A stately scene of bliss?
Who my girl would pass by,
Surely neither you, nor I.

A PHENOMENON:

I know the thing that's most uncommon
Every be silent, and attend!
I know a remarkable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not wretched by passion, wretched by remorse,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible, soft nature, civilly.

Has she no faults then? Malice says, Sir?
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When a third world conspires to irritate her,
The woman's dear, and does not hear.

MISCELLANY

Excellent remarks for Ladies who have leisure

HINT TO LADIES

I have always been remarked, that the generally dissipated have many admirers at the same time, but no lovers; and they wonder at it—but the reason is obvious, if they think; it is because they are quite unattractive. Ah! said a venerable sage, lamenting the degeneracy of her age, "there is nothing to what it was when I was young; the first now a day may be the fellows as were young here is hardly to be found a respectable fellow."

The observation was just. The women of the last age were more respected, because they were revered. For a want of proper reserve they are treated with indifference, which is only a shield to conceit; they make themselves too cheap to keep up their consequence, without which they never can be respectable.

To speak still applicably, a woman must rely before she can attract. All his advice may seem odd to a female ear; but she who laughs at it pays no great compliment to her own deservings.

Good, who knew human nature tolerably well, discovered not a little penetration, when he made his plane fly so fast from her laurelled lover, for his passion was increased by the pursuit.

Our Disphases require another sort of preparation of flying from, they run into the arms of their Apollon, and are at once disarmed by that they grow cool to their charms. Lovers like spectators, to whom the passion of the game is nothing to the pleasure of the chase. If a woman would study how to please, they would give more pleasure.

This is a paradox which those for whom I throw out these reflections, cannot comprehend, and still they can; they will never make their fortunes by their faces. The roars of youth are not long in voice, and when time has overtaken them away, there's an end to love at first sight; and on that they seem by the manner of setting themselves off, chiefly to depend.

The modern fine ladies carry their heads well, must own, and have fine sweeping tails; but when man of sense would choose a wife, he expects to meet other good qualities than those which might well recommend a horse.

To be stared at a few seasons, and neglected, and in a few more sink into oblivion, is the lot of a few and giddy girls, who have only external appearances to recommend them.

Without prudence and discretion, even the most substantial ornaments, though they excite admiration, will never procure esteem.

Prudence is superior to Pea is, and there is no kind of comparison between diamonds and diamonds. Pea may be caught by the shell, but a man with having will make the thing in the object of deliberation.

As a man of sense can easily subvert a fool, because his designs are inconceivable to his adversary's understanding; so a fool will sometimes be no enemy to a wise man, for the very same reason. This is because he will conceive schemes which could never occur to a wiser head than his own. Corresponding to a fool's fellow is like fighting a left handed man. You perceive a woman because it came into his disquisition where you had no reason to expect it, and he gains victory merely by his awkwardness.

A German physician has just published a medical tract in which he says Ladies of weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep alone.

Lucius Pope.

Women are certainly not at all inferior to men in reason, and perhaps much less in courage, than generally imagined. The reason is, that a woman's nature is more difficult to be more afraid than a man's, and men pretend to be less.

An Irish servant being asked a few days ago, if his master had set out for Cheltenham, answered that his master did not intend to go to any of the watering places till he drank all his wages.

